

THE MYSTERY OF THE
INN BY THE SHOREBy Florence Warden
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

CHAPTER X.

Continued.

He spoke in a low voice, not wishing to be heard, still walking along the high road. But Jem, who did wish to be heard, bawled out his answer at the top of his voice:

"Yes, Mr. Hemming, it's me right enough. And maybe I've got as much to tell you as you've got to ask me, sir!"

The detective saw that Nell, who was now at the corner of the road, and about to turn to go up to the front-door of the house, stopped, hesitated, and seemed half-inclined to return to where Jem stood.

Perceiving this, Jem drew back a step and appeared to wait for her. But Nell did not come back. After a few moments of indecision, she disappeared round the corner of the white house. Jem Stickle, however, seemed either to have changed his mind about telling the detective what he knew or to have only meant to frighten the girl by pretending that he was going to do so; for instead of speaking again to Hemming, he jumped over the fence into the garden, and, running at full speed across the now bare flower-beds, flattened the nose against the window of the kitchen, where a light was burning.

By moving a few paces to the left, the detective, from where he stood outside the fence, could see that there were figures moving inside the kitchen, and could presently distinguish the two figures within as those of Nell and Miss Bostal, respectively. He could see, also, although he could hear nothing, that Nell was pouring out some narrative in an excited manner, and that the elder lady was quietly listening.

"Ah! ah! ah!"

The hoarse sound of Jem Stickle's derisive laughter suddenly started the two ladies, who sprang apart and glanced at the window.

"Ah! ah! ah!" roared the young fisherman again.

The detective was on the point of leaping the fence, with the intention of addressing Jem, when the back-door of the house was suddenly opened, and Miss Bostal, well muffled up in a thick woolen shawl, so that only her thin, pinched nose and gentle light eyes could be seen, addressed the fisherman in kindly tones from out of the wooly depths of her covering.

"Jem Stickle, is that you? What are you doing out there, frightening us out of our lives? If you have anything to say to us, come inside."

But the lady's voice, kindly yet imperious, seemed to render the surly young fellow somewhat abashed. He would have slunk away and got back over the fence into the field again, but that there was a tone of command in the prim little lady's voice which made him pause.

"I haven't got nothing to say to neither of you," grumbled he, sullenly. "Who said as I had? I haven't said nothin' to nobody, barrin' just this: That I don't see why Miss in there should treat me as if I were dirt, and that if she goes on treatin' me that way, I've got the means of being even with her."

"The little prim lady could be heard to sigh. She seemed genuinely concerned about this matter."

"But haven't you heard," said she, with a prim little affectation of sprightliness, "that faint heart never won fair lady? How is it that you are so sure that Miss Chris means to treat you badly?"

"How am I sure?" bellowed Jem, flaming up into wrath. "Why, I'm sure of it because she does it—because she never meets me but what she turns her head away as if I was beneath my lady's notice. That's why I am sure, an' that's why I say I'll be even with her."

"Dear, dear!" bleated Miss Bostal, as she drew her shawl more closely about her. "I shouldn't have expected a brave fellow like you to threaten a lady."

Jem only grunted.

"I should have expected you to have more patience. Come, now, shall I speak to her for you? I don't know, mind, that I can do any good; but if any word of mine can help the path of true love run smooth, why, I'll say it with pleasure."

But Jem only replied by a feeble laugh.

"I mean it," chirped the lady. "I'll speak to her myself. And now will you come into the kitchen and hear me speak to her? Perhaps that will satisfy you."

After a few minutes' hesitation Jem slouched into the passage; and Miss Bostal was about to close the door, when the detective, who had taken care to hear every word of this colloquy, appeared suddenly before her, and put his hand upon the door.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I should like a few words with you, if you'll be so good as to see me for a few minutes privately. My name's Hemming, ma'am; and I darsay it's got to your ears that I'm here about this robbery business at the Blue Lion."

Miss Bostal, who had uttered a little shriek of fright on the first appearance of the stranger, now recovered herself and gave a little gasp of acquiescence.

"Oh, yes, I know—I've heard. You are—yes, come in."

He entered, waited while she shut the door, and then followed, by her direction, not into the kitchen, but to a cold, dark room on the right, which smelt as if it were little used. Miss Bostal wisely kept her shawl wrapped tightly round her, and politely begged him to take a seat, while she lit one of the two candles which stood on the mantelpiece. The detective gave one comprehensive look around the room, and quite understood why the lady preferred to spend her time in the kitchen, where it was, at least, warm.

"And now," asked the lady, as she seated herself on a prim, stiff-backed chair covered with faded needle-work, "what is it you want to ask me?"

"Well, ma'am," said the detective, who sat on the edge of his chair, and felt surprised at the amount of dignity there was about the little prim, shabby lady, "it's just this: I want to know if any little accident happened to a young lady who spent the morning with you—Miss Chris?"

He saw his breath and hers on the cold air of the little room, and thought it was much warmer in the felos outside. The lady was evidently astonished at the question.

"Little accident?" she repeated. "Not that I remember."

"Was she doing any sort of work for you, ma'am? She said something about ironing, I think."

"She didn't do any ironing," answered the lady, promptly, "but I did."

"She told me she was ironing and burned her hand."

The lady shook her head.

"It was I who had the iron all the time," she said, decidedly.

But then the detective noticed that the lady gave him a quick look, and that she then, as if recollecting herself, altered her tone. He instantly decided that she was making up a story for the benefit of her protegee.

"I recollect, now I think of it," said she, "that I did come very near her with the iron, and that I was afraid I had burned her, though she said it was nothing, and, indeed, I could see nothing."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the detective, rising at once. "And now would you be so good as to let me see her and the man Jem Stickle together, at once, before they leave this house?"

"If they are here, you can, certainly," said Miss Bostal, as she at once left the room and went down the passage toward the kitchen.

In a few minutes, however, she returned with a blank expression.

"I'm sorry to say," said she, "that they have both left the house. Whether together or no," she added, with a demure and pinched little smile, "I can't say."

The detective took his leave, not in the best of humor.

Jem Stickle was the person to be "got at," that was certain. But Hemming's fear was that he had been "got at" already.

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Bostal shut the door when the detective had gone, drew a shivering sigh as she folded the shawl more tightly about her thin person, and went into the dining-room.

Sitting on one of the horsehair-covered chairs in the darkness, was Nell. Miss Bostal sighed again as she placed carefully upon the table the lighted candle she had brought with her from the drawing-room.

"I feel very guilty and ashamed of myself," she murmured, rather peevishly, "for having told the man you were gone when I knew you had gone no farther than this. But I had to choose the less of two evils, for I was afraid, my dear, that you could not bear another long, worrying cross-examination from him just now."

"You were quite right, Miss Theodore, and as kind as you always are," said Nell, affectionately.

The poor girl looked indeed worn out, and the words she uttered seemed to come mechanically from weary lips.

"Come into the kitchen, child, where it is warm," said Miss Bostal, briskly. "I will make you a nice, hot cup of tea, and then you will feel better."

"Has Jem Stickle gone, then?" asked Nell, apprehensively.

"Oh, yes! I sent him out very quickly."

"Do you—?" Nell faltered and began to blush and to tremble—"do you think he told the detective—anything?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear. These men are so exceedingly reticent, it is impossible to tell what they do know," answered the elder lady.

Nell watched her and gathered from her manner that Hemming had told her nothing disquieting. For Miss Bostal's whole attention was devoted, at that moment, to measuring out the smallest possible quantity of tea which could be made to supply two persons.

"And besides," went on Miss Bostal, when she had shut up the tea-caddy, "what could Stickle have to tell him? And what trust could be put in Stickle's stories?"

Nell looked at her with wide eyes of wonder and terror.

"Didn't I tell you," she said, in a husky whisper, "that Jem told me he

had seen—the thief—with his own eyes? He told me he could give proofs—proofs!"

"Well, well, my dear," returned the elder lady, composedly, as she put her little brown teapot tenderly on the stove to draw, "what if he did? My own idea is that Stickle made up a story in order to get you to talk to him; for it's evident the poor lad is crazy about you."

Nell made a gesture of disgust.

"Ah, but you shouldn't treat him so hardly; it makes him desperate."

Nell rose from her chair, and came close to the lady's side.

"Miss Theodore," she whispered, with a face full of fear, "it was not to get an excuse to talk to me that Jem said—that he did. He told me—he advised me to confide in you—to tell you what he told me, and—every—thing!"

"Well, my dear, tell me if you like," said Miss Bostal, putting a kind hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Shall I?"

Nell's face was deathlike in its ashy whiteness.

"Why, my child, yes, tell me, of course. Come, come, what is there to get so miserable about? If you really think Jem Stickle did see the thief, and can prove who it is, you ought to be glad, and certainly not let your kindness of heart prevent you from telling him to speak out."

"But, you don't know who—Jem thinks it was!"

"Ah, you mustn't trouble your head about that! A thief is a thief, and should be punished. And if it is a person you know, you may be sorry; but you must not shrink from your duty, which is to bring the criminal to justice."

Nell withdrew herself with a sad smile from the lady's caressing hand, and shuddered.

"Supposing it were—it were some one you knew—and loved. What would you say?"

Miss Bostal shook her head deprecatingly.

"My dear," she said, "I can see what it is; Stickle has been threatening to tell the detective that he can prove you to be the thief. And you let yourself be frightened like that! Why, child, you forget that everybody in the place knows he would give the world for a kind word from you; and they will know that he has made up this tale out of revenge for your taking no notice of him. You are a goose, child, a little goose, to let yourself be worried by such a thing as that!"

Nell drew a long breath of relief. Then she stood up.

"You have taken a great load off my mind," said she, in a low, thankful voice. "I shall tell him when I see him. What shall I tell him?" she asked, with a sudden change to a little fear again.

"I should tell him, if I were you, that if he has seen—if he has seen anything—it is not your affair, but that of the police. But at the same time, Nell, I wouldn't be so unkind to the poor young fellow, if I were you. I was quite touched this evening by the way he spoke of you. I believe he would give his right hand for you. I do really. And although it is no business of mine, dear, I really think you are neglecting your opportunities of doing good in a true sense by not urging him to better things. Your influence might turn him into a good man, my dear, I do, indeed, believe."

But Nell frowned haughtily.

"You are so good yourself, Miss Theodore, that you don't know anything about people who are not like you. Jem has had plenty of opportunities to reform. It is by his own choice that he idles about instead of going to sea."

"But it is to be near you, dear," suggested the sentimental old maid. "I don't mean to say the young man is, in any sense, your equal. But I think if you really cared for him—"

"But I don't!" protested Nell, indignantly. "I have never thought about the creature, for a moment, except to wish that he would go away from the place altogether. And if he has dared to say that I ever gave him the slightest encouragement—"

"He has not, he has not," said the old maid, hastily. "He has never been anything but most humble and submissive."

"In your presence," added Nell, significantly. "But when he isn't with you, he presumes to be rude, and even jealous. As if he had the slightest right to be jealous," she added, angrily.

Miss Bostal's lips tightened with disapproval.

"I see how it is," she said. "Poor Jem is right. He complains that you have had your head turned by the young men who were here in the autumn. He says you have never had a good word for him since the coming of that particularly worldly and frivolous young man who calls himself Clifford King."

Nell drew herself up.

"Miss Theodore," she said, very quietly, "I know you will not say anything more about Mr. King, when I tell you that I—I—that if it were not for the misfortune which hangs over us now, I should be his wife some day."

But poor Miss Bostal was horrified at this disclosure, and she proceeded to read the girl such a lecture on the evils of marrying above one's station, and above all, of marrying a man of the exact type of Clifford King, that although she did not succeed in convincing Nell, she sent her home very unhappy and on the verge of tears.

To Be Continued.

Mrs. Dore—"My husband always kisses me when he leaves the house in the morning." Miss Spiter—"Funny how good-natured, some men are when they are getting away from home for a whole day."

LORD SALISBURY
SUCCEEDED BY BALFOURRetiring Premier Gives Advancing Years
And Failing Health as Reasons.

MANY RUMORS OF OTHER CHANGES.

The New Chief of the Cabinet, It is Stated, Will Remain Government Leader in the House of Commons—Chamberlain is said to accept the New Situation in a most Cheerful Manner.

London (By Cable).—The Marquis of Salisbury has resigned the premiership of Great Britain, and A. J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury and government leader in the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Balfour visited the King and accepted the premiership.

While it was expected in official and political circles that Lord Salisbury's retirement would be coincident with the coronation of King Edward, it was scarcely looked for prior to that event. Consequently, about the only surprise expressed as the news spread through London concerned the date rather than the fact of the resignation. The real interest was not so much in reference to Lord Salisbury's withdrawal as it was in the appointment of his successor.

The liveliest speculation is rife as to the personnel of the new cabinet. The most discussed features of the pending changes is the position of Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, who in many quarters has been regarded as the most promising candidate for the premiership.

It is learned that prior to the acceptance of his new office Mr. Balfour first had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain and then consulted with his other cabinet associates. This is regarded as assurance that the future relative positions of Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain will be satisfactory to both. Mr. Chamberlain's friends say he always recognized the reversion of the premiership to be Mr. Balfour's right as government leader in the House of Commons.

BOERS LOST 2,700 MEN.

Had 75,000 in the Army and 32,000 Were Prisoners.

Pretoria (By Cable).—According to an estimate of the Red Cross identity depot, which fulfilled the functions of a casualty bureau for the Boer forces, the total losses of the Boers during the war were 3,700 men killed or died of wounds and 32,000 made prisoners of war, of whom 700 died. The Boer forces in the field numbered about 75,000.

The curator of the former Boer Government's official papers has handed over to the British all documents, including confidential reports, giving a complete history of Mr. Kruger's relations with foreign powers.

There is some uneasiness here regarding the attitude of the Basutos. In consequence of supposed treachery during the war, Joel, one of their prominent chiefs, has been summoned to Maseru, capital of a military district of Basutoland, to stand trial on the charge of high treason.

The paramount chief Lerethodi is likely to support Joel in the event of the latter's refusal to obey the summons. Troops have been dispatched to the frontier.

KILLED THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Portland Man Shoots His Wife, Her Parents and a Boarder.

Portland, Ore. (Special).—A. L. Belding, a bartender, has shot and killed his wife, his mother-in-law, and Frank Woodward, an inmate of his house, and fatally wounded L. McCroskey, his father-in-law.

Belding married the daughter of the McCroskeys, eight years ago, but has not lived with his wife for some time. He was jealous of Woodward, whom he suspected of being intimate with Mrs. Belding.

Going to the McCroskey home Belding gained admittance, and meeting Woodward in the hallway drew a revolver in each hand, exclaiming, "You first," and fired. Woodward fell to the floor fatally wounded. Mrs. Belding rushed upon her husband and was shot down by the infuriated man. Then the parents of Mrs. Belding came to the hallway and were both shot.

Held Offenders at Bay.

Brewster, N. Y. (Special).—John Dvalstedt, a shoemaker in this village, was arrested on suspicion of murdering John Anderson, a journeyman, in his shop, who died June 26 from what is believed to be strychnine poisoning. Dvalstedt is said to have held insurance policies on Anderson's life. A warrant for Dvalstedt's arrest was issued by Coroner Mitchell, an analysis of the dead man's stomach having shown that he had swallowed a large amount of strychnine. On the approach of the constable with the warrant Dvalstedt took to the woods and was pursued by a posse. He resisted arrest, holding the posse at bay with two revolvers.

Proposed Big Labor Convention.

Chicago (Special).—Fifty thousand longshoremen of the Great Lakes will be represented at the annual convention of the International Association, to be held in Chicago this week. The most important of the association and the amalgamation of work planned is the National Union of Dock-Laborers in Great Britain and Ireland, with 100,000 members.

Dynamite in Jail.

St. Joseph, Mo. (Special).—Sheriff Spencer summoned a large force of guards and armed them heavily, in the expectation that a second attempt would be made to blow up the county jail and liberate many desperate criminals. Enough dynamite was stolen from a rock quarry to blow up half the town, a considerable part of which was discovered to have been smuggled into the jail. Sheriff Spencer sent his family away. No stranger is permitted to approach within 50 feet of the building.

SUMMARY OF THE LATEST NEWS.

Domestic.

The striking freight handlers and the railroad companies in Chicago have no yet come to terms, and many of the truck teamsters refused to haul goods to the freight houses.

John Henry Varden, who eloped from Montgomery county, Va., with Jennie Austen, 13 years old, whom he married in Ohio, was arrested on the charge of abduction.

Captain Greble, instructor in artillery tactics at West Point, was seriously hurt and three cadets injured during drill there, a runaway horse causing the accident.

The engagement is announced of Bishop Potter, of New York, to Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, who was the head of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

At a meeting of soft coal operators in New York it was decided to hold the present stock pending the threatened trouble with the miners.

V. M. Crews, of Buckingham county, Va., was shot during a quarrel by W. S. Zimmerman, his brother-in-law.

The strike of the boiler-makers on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad system was settled by compromise.

Otto Faust, a former wealthy farmer of North Dakota, who, affected with a religious mania, gave away nearly all his lands for charity, was declared insane in Chicago and will be taken back to his Dakota home.

Dr. A. B. Ryno, a prominent physician, has been arrested at McPherson, Kan., on a warrant charging him with having some connection with the mysterious shooting of Miss Maud Holmes.

Fourteen miners still alive, and one of them a raving maniac from his sufferings, were taken out of the Johnstown mine. The dead, burned and mangled by the explosion number over 100.

The court-martial of Capt. James A. Ryan, of the Fifteenth Cavalry, at Manila, on the charge of unnecessary severity to natives was concluded and it is believed he will be acquitted.

General Maxilon, convicted of treason at Cebu, the Philippines, has been sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$2000.

Rhodes Clay, a member of the Missouri Legislature, was shot and killed in a street duel in Mexico, a Missouri town.

Mrs. Frank Lavelleur, of Newton, Iowa, was bound over to the grand jury on the charge of murdering her husband.

Police Captain John Fitchette, of Minneapolis, was convicted of trafficking in positions on the police force.

A bolt of lightning shaved David Fuller's head in Richmond, the victim sustaining no other injuries.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has advanced the wages of its telegraph operators.

Gen. Calvin H. Frederick, a retired veteran of the Civil War, died at his home in Omaha.

Juan Jimenez, the deported President of San Domingo, arrived in New York.

The spread of cholera in Manila is reported to have slightly decreased.

Mrs. Joel E. Vard, the authoress, died at her home in Denver, Col.

President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, was elected president of the National Educational Association, in convention in Minneapolis. Papers were read by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, of Cornell University, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Charles Frederick Osborne, who was acquitted recently in Police Court in Norfolk, Va., for the murder of his wife, Mattie, was arrested on the charge of having murdered a former wife in Stillwater, Mich., several years ago.

Mrs. Alline Ellis O'Malley, wife of Prof. Austin O'Malley, and William J. Hearin were held to bail in Philadelphia on the charge of stealing jewelry from Dr. Joseph O'Malley, of that city, Mrs. O'Malley's brother-in-law.

Foreign.

The United States steamer Ranger sailed from Panama for Chiriqui to protect American interests there. United States Consul Gudgeon went to Chiriqui with important papers for General Herrera from the Governor of Panama, presumably including peace terms.

The reputation of Albert Ballin, director-general of the Hamburg-American Line, is said to have greatly increased by his alliance with J. P. Morgan. He has also won high favor with the Emperor.

The czar has affirmed the sentence of imprisonment for 12 years imposed on Colonel Grimm for revealing military secrets.

The Vatican is believed to be trying to make use of the Taft mission to establish diplomatic relations with the United States.

A violent shock of earthquake occurred in Caracas, Venezuela.

King Edward's condition continues to improve, and it is now officially stated that the coronation will take place between August 8 and 12. The proposed procession has been abandoned.

Fowler Brothers and Fowler, Sons & Co., extensive meat dealers of Liverpool, have sold out to Swift & Co., of Chicago.

The report that J. Pierpont Morgan is planning a scheme for the unification of the Turkish debt is denied.

Extreme heat prevails in France and other parts of Europe. Electrical storms have done great damage.

Many of the Boer commandants and field cornets are refusing to sign the oath of allegiance.

Morgan's shipping combine has been discussed in the British House of Commons. Gerald Balfour, president of the London Board of Trade, stated that it was inexpedient to tie the hands of the government by promising that the House should be consulted before the Admiralty entered into any agreement with Morgan.

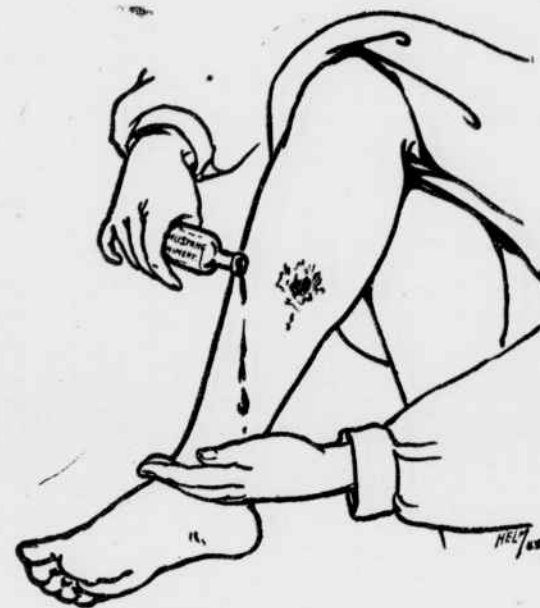
Financial.

London traded in 15,000 shares of American stocks, buying chiefly Atchafalpa and selling United States Steel.

Negotiations are practically closed for the sale of the Detroit & Toledo Short Line to the Grand Trunk line. Thus Grand Trunk secures an entrance into Toledo.

It is announced that the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company's increased earnings are due to the short corn crop last year, putting the products of cotton seed in greater demand.

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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER.

A

NEW

OLD

PAPER.

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Send your name and address to the NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, New York City, and a free sample copy will be mailed to you.

Cows With a "Jag."

Fermented Apples Work Demoralization on Fine Herd of Jersey Cattle.

Fifteen fine Jersey cows on the Whitney Point Stock Farm went on a disgraceful spree last Monday and almost frightened the men in charge of them out of their wits.

For a long time no one knew just what was the matter with the cows. They went reeling across the fields like a lot